

A 1505/100.
TRIP
TO
BAR-LE-DUC.
A
POEM.

Eripe, Gnate, fugam, finemque impone labori.
VIRG.

— *Melior vacuâ, sine, regnet in aulâ.*
VIRG.

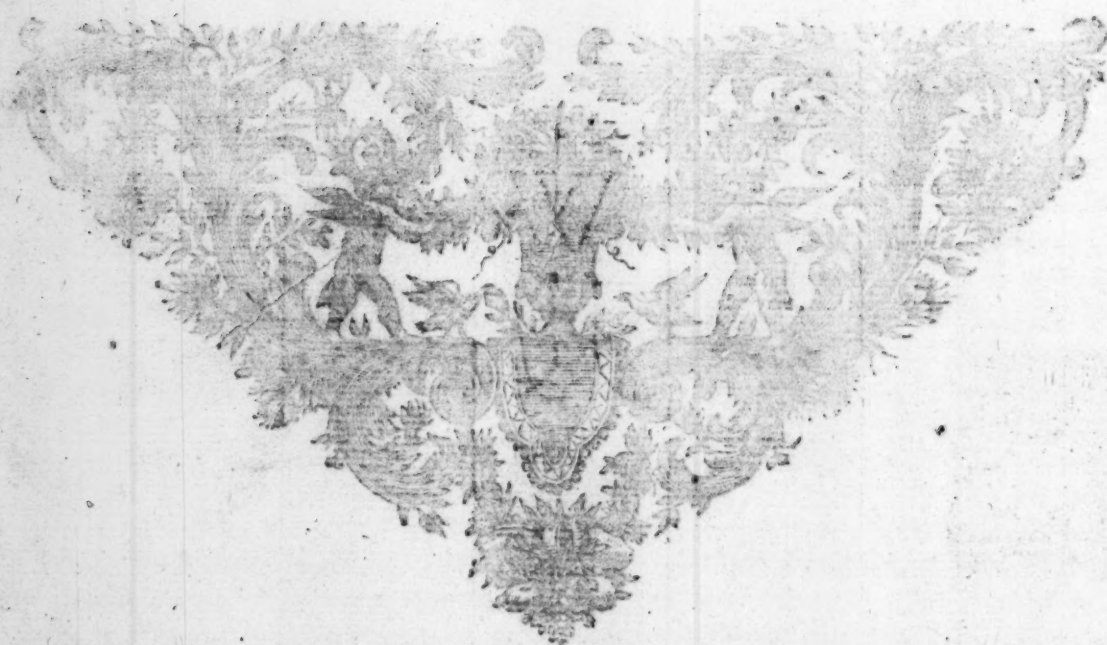


EDINBURGH:

Printed for WILLIAM DICKIE, Bookfeller in the *Parliament-Close*, over-against
the *Statue*. MDCCXV.

A
T R I P
 TO
BARLE-DUC.
 A
P O E M.

Printed by J. G. Smith, 15, St. James's Street, London, W.
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 The Author's name is registered in the
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EDINBURGH.

Printed for W. & A. G. Smith, 15, St. James's Street, London, W.
 the 2nd time MDCCLXXV



To the Honourable,
THOMAS BOYD Advocate,
 Brother-German to the Right Honourable
The Earl of Kilmarnock.

S I R,



I is not that Half the Blood in my
 Keins had its Rise from the Ancient
 and Noble Stock of Boyds, I pre-
 sume to send you this Amusement; or even the
 uncommon Share in a Friendship you have long
 honoured me with.

A 2

What

Dedication.

*What engages me is, The Remembrance of
our Recreations Abroad, when fatigu'd with
our different Studies, we have join'd in an
agreeable Relaxation: Then it was my flag-
ging Verse felt the benign Influence of your
brighter Muse.*

*Since the Absence of your happier Genius
will, I'm afraid, be too visible in this Perfor-
mance; allow me to inscribe it to you, that our
common Friends, if any of them chance to see
the Trifle, may look more favourably upon it,
and still know that Distance, or different Busi-
ness, can never make me less,*

S I R,

Your most Devoted

and most Obedient

Servant,

JOHN STEEDY.



A Trip to Bar-le-duc.



AS Poets in the Days of Yore
Us'd to mount *Pegasus*, and soar
To wond'rous Heights, with mighty
Speed,

Humoring the Fancy of the Steed,
Coursing the Earth, the Air, the Skies,
And highest Heav'ns 'mong Deities.

So (tho' quite unaccustom'd) I
Must one Poetic Journey try :
And since, like other Bards, of Course
I must be mounted on a Horse,

A Trip to Bar-le-duc.

I am resolv'd to ride * *Almanza*,
 Loyal, and swift as any *Ganza*:
 Fit only for a Monarch's Use,
 Each Vein swell'd with illustrious Juice,
 'Twixt Old *Castile*, and *Saxon* bred;
 A finer Titt was ne'er bestrid.

Come then, sweet Nag, and let me take
 This single Jaunt upon thy Back;
 Nor Spur, nor Bridle shall I use,
 To curb, or gall the free-flown Muse.

Now I am fix'd, and on he goes
 (By what Instinct, he's Wise that knows)
 As swift as Lightning he flies,
 He's at St. *James's* in a Trice;
 Stops but a Moment, disappointed,
 Not finding there the L---s Anointed.
 Straight way in Anger, mixt with Grief,
 Sweeps down *Thames-Side* to find Relief,
 And striking with his Heels at *Dover*,
 At one fierce Bound he frees it over
 To

* *A Horse bred in Scotland, design'd for the Use of the Chevalier de St. George.*

A Trip to Bar-le-duc.

3

To *Calais* Sands, (such was the Leap
I hardly could the Saddle keep)
Nor stays he, having pass'd the Main,
Till we are safe at *St. Germain* :
And quickly he surveys the Court,
Where's Master's Friends wont to resort ;
But seeing thence the Birds were flown,
He squeel'd for Rage, but streight was gone :
And finding that (the Pox and Murrain
Take *England*) he was still at *Lorrain* ;
He strains a-new his finewy Force,
And thither wings his rapid Course :
Where being come, some Time he stood,
Till having *snoak'd* the *Royal Blood*,
He rear'd his Crest, and loud did neigh,
And many a Curvet danc'd for Joy :
(Who would have thought such Signs the Beast,
Of lively Gladness, cou'd exprest)
Then bending low his *Loyal Knee*,
Confest the *Royal Progeny*.
And having thus his Homage paid,
First tow'ring round the Monarch's Head,
In chearful Volts, began to raise
Me to the Sky in Royal Praise.

RISE lofty Muse, and in Heroic sing
The wond'rous Youth that ought to be
our King,

That is our King ; for the supreme Command
Is Heaven's Gift, and must unalter'd stand ;
And he who do's reject a King when giv'n
Resists Divine Decree, and combats Heav'n.
As Mortals, tho' the Gods they disobey,
Yet can not rob them of their *Deity* ;
So Subjects may withhold the Fealty due
To their true Prince, and to a Stranger bow ;
Yet that can not his juster Claim repeal,
He's born a King, his Title ne'er can fail.
Thus *James*, tho' abjur'd by each puny Elf,
Is King of *Britain* still, *within himself* ;
While they poor Caitiffs only shift the Name
Subjects, for *Rebels*, he is *still the same* :
And all that's good in Sov'reignty do's find,
The *Right*, the *Title*, and the *Lofty Mind* :
While he the giddy People do create
Is but King *James* his Slave, his Drudge of State,
Who eases him of all the Care and Pain,
O may he ever unmolested reign !

Show

Show first of all, from whence he sprung my Muse,
And, if you can, his Parentage produce.

As *Jupiter* descending in a Show'r
Of Gold, dropt *Perseus* in *Danae's* Tow'r;
So those who hold Kings to be from Above
Know well that our's was streight from mighty *Jove*:
And still 'tis writ, in the Records of Fame,
In silver Vehicle of Fire he came;
The bright Machine was by a Nymph convey'd,
And *Fitz-dieu* in the Royal Bed was laid:
The *Queen* (without a Throe her Labour done)
Do's thank the Gods, and bless her Heav'n-born Son,

Some say our King, by well laid *Bodkin* Plot,
B' another divine *Dada* was begot.
(When there's Design to get a King or God,
Gods, and Religion wond'rous Means will plod,)
Whether by him or not, the Matter's one,
All are agreed he was his *Father's* Son;
And most believe that from a King he came,
Complete as was the *Number of his Name.

C

And

* *Seven is counted a perfect Number.*

And if from Thee, Great *James*, the Youth did spring,
 From Thee he does all his Perfections bring:
 Such was the pious Sire's exalted Merit,
 His genuin Son could never fail t'inherit
 His Father's Fate, and his religious Spirit.

Begin, my Muse, and from his Cradle trace,
 Thro' his first Steps, the Royal Babe of Grace:
 Behold him while he yet was on the Teat,
 In pious Travels on his Father wait;
 Think then what *Britain* to the Child does owe,
 So careful of its Peace and Treasure too:
 His Subjects Lives to save, and quench the Fire
 Of Civil Rage, he kindly did retire.
 To save the Public Charge, he lives Abroad,
 And learns each foreign Law, and foreign God.
 There stays he, without National Expence,
 Till he arrives at Virtue, Age, and Sense.
 Of all the Time, there never past a Day
 That did not fit him more for sov'reign Sway:
 Virtue his Mind, his Body Exercise
 Adorn'd, and all he learn'd except their Vice.
 He seem'd provided ev'ry Way to bring
 To us our Merit from the Heav'nly King.

Thus

A Trip to Bar-le-duc.

7

Thus finish'd in all Points, and in his Prime,
His People now he minds, and thinks it Time
On *Britain* to bestow the massy Store
He had laid up thro' Twenty Years before.
At last he moves, to free them from the Thrall
Of common Subjects, and to show them all
The *King-craft*, and *Religion* of the *Gaul*:
To take upon him the Affairs of State,
And ease Great *ANNA*, sunk beneath the Weight,
For all the various Turns of Peace, or War,
And each important Exigence prepare,
As fits a King, without his Subjects Care:
To answer all the different Events,
Without the tedious Form of Parliaments:
To rule so like a Monarch, that his Sway
Should teach but this one Lesson, *to Obey*.

But here, my Muse a lovely Scene displays;
O! may I sing it in becoming Lays;
Could I work up the Piece with Colours quaint,
And all the Glories of the Voyage paint,
I'd sing the Worthies who with him resort
Not to direct his Reign, but grace his Court:

And next describe the Royal Fleet, each Sail
 Swoln with the Blifs of a propitious Gale ;
Save him ye Winds, save from the fatal Coast
Where, of his Race, so many have been lost.
 Proud of the mighty Trust, his Subject Sea
 Should round his Bark in smiling Circles play.
 Then on the Banks of his own native *Forth*,
 And long the Coasts of *Albion's* frozen North,
 I'd view the King surveying all the Land,
 And show the Father of his Country stand
 In kind Suspence, whether he should exert
 Some wholsome Rigour, and his Right assert ;
 Mercy and Justice long shou'd strive, at last
 Mercy from Justice shou'd the Thunder wrest :
 T' avert th' Effusion of the *British* Blood
 Mercy and *James* command *all sail to croud* ;
 Nor did he, tho' the Rebels him bely,
 To save his *Bacon*, but his *Subjects* fly,
 A glorious Conquest o'er himself he makes,
 And his high Mind, with Ease, Three Crowns forsakes,
 While other paultry Monarchs Hearts would break
 To lose a Game where so much was at Stake.
 To *Dunkirk* streight he cuts his liquid Way ;
 Great *Lewis* welcomes him in Tears of Joy.

And

And now he's safe, *O may he ne'er again*

Expose his sacred Person to the Main !

By all the *Gallic* Court he is carefs'd,

And in his Mother's fond Embraces blest'd.

Yet but one Winter cou'd he taste the Joy,
A nobler Heat do's warm the Royal Boy;
He hear'd the Trumpet's Clangor from afar,
And ratling Drum, with all the Din of War
That Heroes do's with the brave Rage inspire,
His youthful Blood boils with the noble Fire.
The soft and luscious Court no more can please,
His lofty Mind scorns the ignoble Ease ;
He fiercely long'd to rein the neighing Steed,
And in hot Battle prove advent'rous Deed ;
To exercise himself in hardy Arms,
And rush with glorious Speed to War's Alarms ;
To win fresh Lawrels in the dusty Field,
And there, at once, the Sword, and Scepter wield.

To *Mons*, with eager Steps, he hastes away,
And waits impatient the fatal Day :
At last the great decisive Hour does come
When the shril Trumpet's Voice, and rousing Drum,
D And

10 *A Trip to Bar-le-duc.*

And Cannon's Thunder give th' Alarm, he quakes,
The Greatness of his Soul his Body shakes :
 Superior Courage glow'd within his Breast,
 In all his Actions stood the King confest :
 Fierce as a Storm, he plunges thro' the War
 Where throngest Death, and wild Destruction are.
Shield him St. George ! O let no impious Arm
Touch G--s Anointed, save thy Knight from Harm !
 The Gallic Chiefs charm'd and amazed stood,
 To see the Hero's Valour in the Wood ;
 Where e'er he goes, he scatters human Fate,
 And certain Death on ev'ry Look do's wait ;
 For no Plebeian there his Sword did feel,
 Nor Blood ignoble stain'd the Royal Steel ;
 That, for the BRUNSWICK-Youth he kept prepar'd,
 Whom coward Fates in Clouds of Smoke did guard,
 Far from its deadly Reach, at *Oudenard*.
 All round him ly whole Squadrons of the Slain,
 Before him fall the *German, Dutch, and Dane*.
 Ye Gods forbid the Hurricane to last,
 And interpose to stop the furious Waste ;
 'Tis done, for streight the *British* Troops advance
 To save th' Allies, and change the Fate of *France* ;

The

A Trip to Bar-le-duc.

11

The *British* Troops quench the stern Hero's Fire,
He can not see his Sons and keep his Ire ;
But conquer'd still by a more generous Flame,
Reluctant from the bloody Field he came.

At last, admitting kindly Thoughts of Grace,
He by his *Sister's* Means gives *Europe* Peace ;
And for the Ease of all the ambient States,
In his great Goodness to *Lorain* retreats,
Where calm, and undisturbed, he might find
The tranquil Blessings of a peaceful Mind.

There may the circling Hours around his Head
Divine-like Ease, and sweetest Influence shed.
Let each Return of the revolving Day
Crown him with fresh Delights, and see him gay;
While *Bacchus*, *Morpheus* and fair *Venus* join
To bliss his Nights with Sleep, and Love, and Wine.
May no new Hopes, or Fears his Peace molest,
But may he ever there securely rest.
While these deserted Isles in ev'ry Thing,
Find Curses like the Loss of such a King,
And their lov'd Liberty and Property afford
No greater Blessings, than their present Lord.

F I N I S.

A Trip to Bar-le-duc.

The British Troops quench the stern Hero's Fire,
He can not see his Sons and keep his Fire,
But conquer'd still by a more generous Flame,
Reluctant from the bloody Field he came.

At last, admitting kindly Thoughts of Grace,
He by his Wife's Means gives Europe Peace;
And for the Fate of all the ambient States,
In his great Goodness to Lewis retreats,
Where calm, and undisturb'd, he might find
The tranquil Blessings of a peaceful Mind.

There may the circling Hours around his Head
Divine-like Fall, and sweet Influence shed,
Let each Return of the revolving Day
Crown him with fresh Delights, and see him gay;
While Bacchus, Mirth, and fair Nymphs join
To bliss his Nights with Sleep, and Love, and Wine.
May no new Hopes, or Fears his Peace molest,
But may he ever there securely rest.
While these desert Her in every Thing,
Kind Cupids like the Loss of such a King,
And their lost Liberty and Property afford
No greater Blessings, than their present Lord.

